

To be in Matter, to be in Sculpture

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To be in matter – to be in sculpture.

My life as a sculptor has been a cohabitation with material.

This thirty-five year coexistence constitutes my deepest order.

I've lived with the material, accepted the fact that I am a stonemason, carver, ironworker, potter, technical drawer, industrial welder, engineer metallic and wood carpenter, instrument maker, worker by trade, geometric planner, botanist and geologist.

With the tools of this trade in my hands, I've wandered the labyrinths of matter and have discovered in it a deep intelligence similar to our own.

An intelligence that has one advantage over ours, that of the human race.

A stone, a piece of any rock or bronze lives in peace in its own tranquility, in the silent coherence of its crystals and mathematic formulae, embodied in the transparency of quartz, the red grains of southern oaks, or in the blue translucency of icebergs, in the flexibility of water, in the softness of sand.

A piece of stone lives without explanations, without justification or defense, without trajectory.

It has taken many years to understand the silence of stone, its strict laws of functionality, its exact manner of being.

It has taken many years to accept its indifference to the human species, of which I form a part.

I took a step forward and invited myself to live amongst the stones in a quarry, at the foot of the Andes. Hammer in hand, I have transformed tons of this matter, from geological to cultural state. Certain masses as well, from its geological state to functional state, in design and architecture.

At the end I was there.

In the interior of stone, in its illuminated temple, I spent all the time I could, almost blew through its insides, through its pores, searching for osmosis.

Its peace lives within.

Finally I learned that, as with stone or iron, a sculptor has no path to traverse, for his work serves no end, but instead shows the instant in which a man finds a mutual understanding with the material.

Because the life that runs through the veins of a sculpture I am inspired by this: the same stubborn life is the admirable destiny of the material.

In conclusion, I follow this example of the given stone or iron - that a sculptor competes with nobody, has nothing to prove to anyone, has no fixed path to follow, and finally, his work serves no end, but only in the best case is to reveal:

An instant when man understands, and is understood by his material.